

# REBUILDING the CITY,

The Right Honourable the Lord Mayor,

AND THE

Noble Company of Bachelors Dining with Him, May 5<sup>th</sup> 1669.

**N**Or could *Prometheus*, when he would have stole  
From jealous *Jupiter* a living cole  
To animate his well dissembled clay,  
Either prevail, or go unplagu'd away,

Nor when proud Nature to recruit the earth  
And brave Heaven, brought forth *Giants* at each birth,  
(Those stalking *Mountains*, sons of slime and mud  
The Reliques of the universal Floud)  
Setting them all to work, as soon as born  
Then when their *Highbesses*, did not think scorn  
To tread the *Mortar*, and were *Masons* made,  
And *Bricklayers*---the only thriving Trade,  
Though they design'd, with high and pointed Towers  
To pierce and stab those clouds, whose mighty showers  
Had drown'd their Fathers, and to climb so high,  
Till they pickt Stars (like Cowslips) from the sky,  
Could they prevent their foolish *Babels* fall,  
But were turn'd *canting*, *wandering Gypsies* all.

Nor shalt thou better speed (proud *Rome*) not Thou,  
Though thou hast carried Empire on thy brow,  
And with thy *Canons* made all Monarchs quake  
As thunder doth the trembling *Mountains* shake:  
No, though thy head, thy lofty head thou raise  
To try thy horned strength with *Cynthia's*.  
No, though thy Father be the Prince of th' Air  
And with thee doth his vast Dominion share:  
No, though thy Eagles wings thou stretch as wide  
As *Sol* his beams, or *Neptune* doth his Tyde:  
No, though thy greedy cruel breed be nurst  
With the same milk thy Founder suckt at first:  
And though thy zeal (Ah, cursed zeal!) aspire  
To raise thy *Pope*, great *Pyramids* of fire,  
From burned Cities: yet thy self (proud Dame)  
Who burnt with *Sodoms* lust, shalt with her flame.  
Where are thy *Fauxes* in their dark disguise,  
Incendiary Priests, and subtle Spies,

Who when our *Londons* fiery tryal came,  
The *Salamanders* feasted in the flame,  
And curst the hands that first should lay a Brick  
Towards the rebuilding that grand *Heretick*:  
Who when great *Greshams* spicy nest consum'd  
(Though the immortal founder stood perfum'd  
In the rich Incense) hug'd themselves to see  
Our Monarchs martyr'd in *Effigie*.  
Now let them stare and startle at the sight,  
And Bark as *Curt* do at the Moons fair light:  
Let them not boast their *Charls la Grand*, *la Boon*,  
Great *Brittain* can outshine them both in *One*,  
A Prince of far more gracious intents  
Then all thy *Urbans*, *Clements*, *Innocents*,  
Upon whose head shall stand a *Tripple Crown*,  
When thy grand *Tyrants* shall be tumbled down,  
Still on our *Thames* shall noble *Barges* ride,  
When *Tyber* to a Ditch shall shrink her pride.  
Our *Lions* still are *Ramphant*, and our *Rose*  
Yields her friends sweetness, prickles to our foes:  
Our Citizens shall feast in their *Guild-Hall*,  
And eat *Geese*---Patrons of thy *Capital*.  
Justice and Mercy now shall guard her store,  
And her *Mock-Giants* she shall need no more.  
Th' *Exchange* that Royal Infant, shortly will  
Her own and forreign Language speak with skill:

And on that *Acre* the Noon Sun shall see  
All his long Travels in Epitomie:  
We have our *Nengate* and old *Tyburn* too,  
Ready to serve their *Turns* who turn to you.

Kind Heaven and all the Elements conspire  
(And such conspiracy's we may desire)  
To make our City fairer, stronger, higher,  
The Sun gets up each morn at peep of day  
To oversee the Work, and late doth stay  
Before he lets the Labourers retreat,  
As if he undertook the work by th' *Great*.  
The Earth gives clay, the water moistens it;  
The gentle Air tempers, and makes it fit,  
And then the fire, as if it meant to make  
Full satisfaction, and revenges take  
Upon it self, (though in a smother'd way  
As modest Thieves their injuries repay)  
Works in the *Brick-kilne*, works till it grow sick,  
And fainting dyes, leaving on every *Brick*  
And every *Tyle* a lasting *Blush*--as who  
Would say, for former *Mischiefs* this I do.

Nor doth the Sun alone the Work o're see,  
But there is *One* as vigilant as he,  
A *Pious*, *Loyal*, *Wife*, *Just-May'r*, a Lord  
Who like *Zerubbabel* with awful sword  
Defends the *Trowel*, whose sweet voice hath powers  
(As *Orpheus* had to raise his *Theban* Towers)  
To make the teeming bowels of the earth  
Shoot up new *Buildings* by an easie birth.  
He guards the *Sabbaths* with an holy care,  
And blesteth all the Week by that *Dayes* pray'r:  
His *Magistracy* lies not in his Train,  
His stately Steed, his Scarlet, or his Chain;  
He, and his Sword in Velvet fast asleep,  
But watchful, God's peace and the Kings to keep:  
With a strict hand the Ballance he doth hold,  
Trying the *Cause* how weighty, not the Gold:  
As he with Virtue meets, or with Offence,  
So do his looks or smiles, or frowns dispence:  
His smother *Chine* carrying as grave a grace,  
As the *Diocesans* well bearded face.

Boast on (old *Belidams* *Rome*) and brag--Thou hast  
Thousands of Sons and Daughters pure and chaste,  
Yet thou shalt find for all their single Lives,  
But little *Virgin Honey* in their *Hives*:  
Those thievish *Drones* thy *Fryars* without wings,  
Creep to thy *Nuns*, and leave behind their *stings*.  
Thou hast thy *Joan's* as well as *Popes*---Fame sayes,  
Thy *Innocents* have their *Olimpia's*.

But *London* which the Nuptial Band allows,  
And hates to lock her Virgins up in Vows,  
Can glory in her *Batchelor Lord May'r*,  
Chaste as the *Dove*, though of the *Ravens* Hair:  
The *Widow City* is his *Spouse*---and He  
Cares for her Children and great *Family*:  
Nor doth he stand (although he lies) alone  
(He were a *Phoenix* if he were but *One*)  
But as the *Moon*, when she her progress goes,  
The *Court of Stars*, as her Attendants shows:  
So when *Beloved Turner* please to call,  
Great Troops of *Batchelors* adorn his Hall:  
None male content, and yet *Male Virgins* all)

On *May's* fifth day (Oh, 'twas a wondrous sight!  
Three hundred *Virgins*, *Virgins* day and night;  
*Virgins* in *Breeches*, *Virgins* all as true,  
As she for whom *Saint George* the *Dragon* flew;  
Some hoary old, some young, but all were chaste  
Either above, or underneath the waist;  
None of them had they been in *Scottish* School,  
Had grunted in the *Penitential Stool*:  
None, had they liv'd in times of *Commutation*,  
Had pay'd a stone to *Pauls* for *Fornication*.  
None from an *Ordeal* Tryal need to fly  
That *Purgatory* fire of Chastity:  
None free of *Creswel Colledge*, not a Man  
Need fear to meet a *Nurse* or some *Trappan*:  
None of them all, (for ought the Poet knows)  
Wears (though anothers Hair) anothers Nose.  
My Lord himself, and all his Guests, I think  
In the same Cup, might without danger drink:  
Yet none, (if called lawfully) but can  
Beget a Son, may prove an *Ald'm'm*.

These Sons of Peace, and Sons of *Mars*, if *Cha*  
Please to take notice of his *Neighbours* snails  
Came not to shew their Valour in his Hall,  
To combat *Custard*, batter *Pasty Wall*:  
To try the Issue of an equal *Bet*  
Whether their *Teeth* or *Knives* were sharpest set:  
To take the *Red-coat-Lobsters* by the back  
And with bold hands, their clattering *Armour* cra  
But their chief errand was, to pray he would  
Command their Persons and accept their *Gold*.  
And if their Votes and mine were current, He  
Should their *Perpetual Dictator* be.  
But if the scarlet *Sphere* must turn about  
(Though turning round makes giddy heads I do  
Yet his *Exemplar* Government shall stand,  
And teach Successors how they should command.  
A *Virgin Queen*, and *Batchelor Lord Mayor*,  
To *England* are as prosperous as rare,  
She made the City love the *Court*, and He  
The *Court* the City by his Loyalty.  
He a wife Imitator of his King,  
Finds *Moderation* is a Healing thing.

Oh, if our *Churches* *Overseers*, would yeild  
And let poor Labourers come forth and build,  
Such as *Untempered Mortar* dare not use,  
Nor for Foundations, *straw* and *stubble* chuse:  
Though every stone across they do not lay,  
But some work one, and some another way,  
Our *New Jerusalem* should soon behold  
*Sion* in glory, though it wanted *Gold*.  
*Hard* upon *Hard*, no lasting work will make,  
Nor can one *Flint* another kindly break:  
But *Moderation* is a *Cement* sure,  
'Tis that which makes the *Universe* endure:  
That makes our *Climate* prove a *temperate Zone*  
Betwixt the *Torrid*, and the *Frigid One*.  
If we all build up *Pater-Noster Row*,  
We may let *Ave-Mary-Corner* go:  
*Black* and *White Friars* did together stand,  
And may again, if Wisdom might command  
If not, I'll say no more, but this will swear,  
*Bedlam* and *Bishopsgate* near Neighbours are